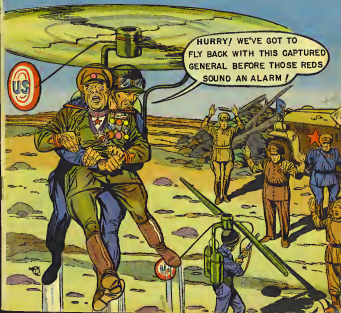


MAY 10c

WORLD WAR III

ACE

THE WAR THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN
IF AMERICA REMAINS STRONG AND ALERT



Editorial Note: Our reason for publishing this shocking account of World War III is hereby made clear. America—and the world—must be awakened to grim facts. The only way to prevent such mass destruction is to prepare NOW. (Nothing less than a super-strong, fully alerted America can halt this fantastic horror of the future.) The Editors...

JET JAMMERS' JAMBOREE

IN THAT FATEFUL SUMMER OF 1940, AMERICA DUG OUT FROM BRINK A-BOMB ATTACKS AND FRANTICALLY REORGANIZED OUR WEAK HOME DEFENSE. ON WORLD-WIDE FRONTS, U.S. FORCES FOUGHT DECLINING ACTIONS AGAINST THE SWEEPING RED TIDE. OUR COUNTER-OFFENSIVE GOT SLOWLY MOVING WITH A-BOMB RAIDS ON RUSSIAN INSTALLATIONS AND A DIRECT HIT BY A GUIDED ATOMIC MISSILE ON MOSCOW. AFTER THE FIRST MASS SOVIET AIR ATTACK ON THE STATES, THERE WAS A LULL. THEN, ONE DAY AT A STRATEGIC COASTAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY...

IS THIS WHAT THEY ALARMED US FOR? ONE LONELY RED 2-M 49 BOMBER? ONE HIT FROM THESE MIND-ELECTRO ROCKET AEE-ACKS WILL BLAST HIM TO SMITHERS!

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG? OUR ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED ROCKETS ARE BEING DEFLECTED BY SOME FORCE FROM THAT ENEMY PLANE? WE CAN'T HIT HIM HE'S MOVING RIGHT ON THROUGH OUR CONCENTRATED FIRE!

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, SIR! ALL FIRE-CONTROL UNITS ARE WORKING PERFECTLY!

YET OUR ROCKETS ARE BEING THROWN OFF TARGET! THANK HEAVEN IT'S ONLY ONE ATTACKING BOMBER! IF IT WAS A WHOLE SQUADRON...

PAUL, TO OUR GREAT RUSSIAN INSEMITIC LIEUTENANT! THIS TEST FLIGHT WITH THE NEW JAMMERRY EQUIPMENT TO DEFEAT ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED WEAPONS IS WORKING LIKE A CHARM! HE' FLY ON, UNTOUCHED!





IT'S ALL AT OUR OWN MILITARY STRATEGIC COMMAND H.Q. ...



THERE'S A PANORAMIC SHOT OF THE FIGHTING IN CENTRAL EUROPE. IT'S CLEAR WHERE WE'RE EQUIPPED WITH ATOMIC ARTILLERY, THE RED ADVANCE IS BEING SLOWED--

SCARY TO HEAR IN, BUT I'VE GOT BAD NEWS FROM AN OFFENSE!

THE NEWS OF THE COME RUSSIAN BOMBER IS RECEIVED WITH GREAT ALARM...



WHAT HAPPENED IS OBVIOUS. THE REDS HAVE A MACHINE THAT JAMS THE DIRECTION-BEAMS OF OUR ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED MISSILES-- THE ONE WEAPON WE WERE COUNTING ON TO REPEL NEW RAIDS!

AND-- AND NOW IT'S USELESS!



NOW THAT THEIR TEST FLIGHT WAS A SUCCESS, WE CAN EXPECT A MASS RAID. WITH OUR COASTAL DEFENSES PRACTICALLY HELPLESS, ENOUGH RED RAIDERS WILL EVADE OUR INTERCEPTORS, REACH THEIR TARGETS, TO MAKE THEIR FIRST ATOMIC STRIKE SEEM LIKE A PUNCH!



BUT THE COUNTRY CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE SUCH DE-VESTATING A-BOMB ATTACKS!

WE HAVE ONE LAST-DITCH AERIAL DEFENSE WEAPON, THE OPERATION OF WHICH CANNOT BE FOULED UP BY ANY RUSSIAN DEVICE-- BECAUSE IT IS MANUALLY OPERATED! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN COLONEL JEFFERS? HIS UNIT CAN BE READY FOR ACTION AT ONCE!



SEW ROOM LATER, AT A NEWEST JET INTERCEPTOR AIR FORCE BASE...

HI, COLONEL JEFFERS, OLD BOY! HAVEN'T THEY YET GOTTEN AROUND TO RETURNING YOU OLD MAN GONE FROM THE LAST

HAL P

LISTEN, HAL! YOU AND YOUR JET-JOCKEYS HAVE BEEN GOING TOO FAR. BEING MY BOYS, IT'S GOT TO STOP UNDERSTAND?



YES, SEN, COLONEL, IS THAT AN ORDER, COLONEL, SEN, I OBEY YOU OLD MAN-- BEING JUST CAN'T TAKE A LITTLE KIDDING!

I SAID CUT IT, HAL! I HATE TO PULL RANK ON MY OWN BROTHER, BUT...



KEEP THE APOLOGUES! IT'S BAD ENOUGH YOU OLD GOATS HAVE TO LOUSE UP THE AIRWAYS WITH YOUR SILLY RAMMER PLANES, WITHOUT GETTING SORE ABOUT IT, IN THE BARGAIN!

LISTEN TO ME, YOU YOUNG PUNK!



WE COULD FLY THOSE SUPERSONIC JETS AS GOOD AS YOU WANT. IF THE MEDICS WOULD LET US, EACH OF US HAS MORE COMBAT TIME THAN ALL OF YOU YOUNG GUYS TOGETHER! WE CAN'T HELP BEING ASSIGNED TO AN EXPERIMENTAL RAMMER SQUADRON.



WHIRRRRUM-WHEEEARRRRRRR! PERSONNEL OF JET SQUADRON 44 AND RAMMER GROUP 1, REPORT TO YOUR READY ROOMS! COLONEL FRED JEFFERS AND MAJOR HAL JEFFERS, REPORT TO ADMINISTRATION BUILDING! ON THE DOUBLE!



AN ALERT FOR BOTH OUR OUTFITS! I DON'T GET IT! IF IT'S AN ENEMY ATTACK, WHAT DO THEY NEED YOUR RAMMER PLANES FOR? OUR INTERCEPTORS CAN HANDLE ANY COMBAT CRATES!

WE'LL SOON SEE!



AT THIS MOMENT, FAR OUT AT SEA... ATTENTION, WHEW! PARACHUTE CONTACT OBS, X-8, FOCUSED ON FLIGHT ENEMY HEAVY BOMBERS, 2-M 42'S, HEADING EAST SOUTH EAST!



GENERAL COMMAND NEIGHBORLYNESS GETS THE FLAME... THAT'S THEM, ALL RIGHT! AND THE NEW THE MIND-REACTING ROCKETS FROM THE GUN ARE BEING DEFLECTED, THAT WHOLE RED SQUADRON MUST BE EQUIPPED WITH THEIR NEW JAMMING DEVICES!



THEY'LL COME IN FROM THE NORTHEAST, THEIR TARGETS THE WAR PLANTS OF NEW ENGLAND, NEW YORK AND JERSEY. SUCH A BLOW WOULD BE DISASTROUS / THEY MUST BE STOPPED / IT'S ALL UP TO COLONEL JEFFERS AND THE INTERCEPTOR GROUP /



WHILE BACK AT THE NEAREST AIR BASE, YES, MAJOR, THAT'S THE SETUP / I'VE HEARD YOU AND YOUR BOYS HAVE BEEN RIDING THE RAMMER SQUADRON PILOTS. LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO EAT CROW, EH?

YOU MEAN FRED'S CLUMSY DELTA-WINGED RAMMERS, JOKED BY A BUNCH OF OLD-TIMERS ARE ACTUALLY GOING INTO COMBAT / OH, NO /



YES, MAJOR / THE COLONEL'S GROUP WILL LAY BACK OF YOURS, RAM INTO ANY ENEMY BOMBERS THAT GET THROUGH YOUR INTERCEPTORS—EXCUSE ME... THE PHONE /

I'VE GOT TO THE ANSWER TO THAT / MY BOYS'LL SEE TO IT THAT NOTHING GETS THROUGH /



YES, SIR / THEIR CAPTIVES ARE BEING RELEASED RIGHT NOW / YES, SIR / ... IMMEDIATELY, SIR /

POSSIBLY / SOUNDS LIKE HEARD CALLING / WE'VE GOING TO WORK RIGHT AWAY /

COLONEL FRED JEFFERS WAS RIGHT. FLIGHT PLANS WERE IMMEDIATELY OUTLINED FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER



WELL, KID, WE OLD-TIMERS AND OUR FLYING ARROW-HEADS ARE GOOD FOR SOMETHING /

HUTS / YOU'LL END UP RAMMING SOME OF OUR INTERCEPTORS BY MISTAKE / THIS IS ACTUAL COMBAT—NOT A TEST FLIGHT / YOU WON'T EVEN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THESE FLEETLY FLYING TO RAM 'EM /



WE WON'T BE THE HEROES OF THIS BATTLE, MAJOR / THOSE RAMMER PILOTS—ANY WHO LIVE THROUGH THE SHARDS—WILL BE THE WHITE-HEADED BOYS / THIS IS PRACTICALLY A SUICIDE MISSION FOR THEM /

HUH? WE'LL KNOCK THE REEDS OUT OF THE SKY BEFORE THAT RAMMER GANG FIGURES WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT /

THEY'LL BE A TOUGH
SHUFFLE, KID! LET'S SHAKE
AND LET BYONES BE
BYONES! I—WELL—
AFTER ALL, WE
MIGHT NOT HAVE
A CHANCE TO
MAKE UP, LATER!

DON'T WORRY,
YOU'LL GET
BACK! WE WON'T
BE LEAVING ANY RED
RAZERS FOR YOU TO
RAMP! WE'LL SHOW
YOUR OUTFIT UP FOR
THE PIPE DREAM IT
REALLY IS!



WITH THOSE JET-INTERCEPTORS
DOING SUCH A BARE-UP JOB,
HAL'S GOTTER TOO BIG FOR
HIS BRITCHES! HE'S
RIDIN' FOR A FALL!

EVERYTHING
CHECKED, SIR—
AIR BRAKES,
DRAG CHUTE,
EJECTOR SEAT—
ALL OKAY! GOOD
LUCK, COLONEL!



COLONEL JEFFERS TO RAMMER SQUADRON!
WE TAKE OFF WHEN THE JETS CIRCLE
THE FIELD! WAIT FOR SIGNAL!



OPEN TURBO-JETS FULL SPEED!
STRIKE OUT NORTH-NORTH-EAST,
CLIMBING, LEVEL OFF AT
20,000!



IN THE LEAD JET PLANE, MAJOR HAL JEFFERS TO
INTERCEPTOR SQUADRON...

WE'RE GOING TO CIRCLE WIDE, IN FORMATION, GIVE
THOSE SLOWPORK RAMMER CRATES A CHANCE TO
CATCH UP! THEY'RE ALREADY SO FAR BEHIND,
THEY'LL NEVER---



BUT BEFORE THE MAJOR'S EYES...

HAL! THIS IS PROPLET'S
GET GOING! WHAT'RE WE
WAITING FOR? WE'VE GOT
A DATE WITH THE COMES
OFF THE MAIN COAST!

WHAT
THE---?
WHERE DID
THEY COME
FROM? NOW--?



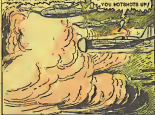
FORGOT IT'S BEEN TOP SECRET UNTIL NOW AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT, HAL! THESE RAMMER JEDS ARE EQUIPPED WITH AFTER-BURNERS ON THEIR TURBO-JETS, FOR HIGH CATCHING UP SPEED! WANT US TO SLOW DOWN AND WAIT FOR YOU JET-JOCKEYS?



AFTER THEIR DISPLAY, THE RAMMERS FELL BACK INTO POSITION...

THAT WAS A DANGEROUS STUNT, COLONEL! YOU MIGHT HAVE RAMMED US!

SORRY, BUT I JUST COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO SHOW YOU HOTSHOTS UP!



MEANWHILE, AT MILITARY HIGH COMMAND HQ...

THOSE RED BOMBERS SURE ARE COOKY ABOUT THEIR JAMMING EQUIPMENT! LOOK! THEY'VE MADE NO EFFORT TO AVOID THAT SECTION OF OUR NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET!

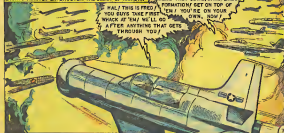


THEY'RE ZOOMING RIGHT THROUGH OUR GUIDED-ROCKET FIRE! IN HALF AN HOUR THEY'LL REACH THE MAIN COAST!

THEN IT'LL BE UP TO OUR INTERCEPTORS AND RAMMERS TO KEEP THE REDS FROM GETTING INLAND! IF EVEN A COUPLE OF THOSE BOMBERS GET THROUGH, IT'LL BE A SEVERE BLOW TO OUR HOME MORALE, AT THIS TIME!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER, OVER THE COAST OF MAIN...



HAL! THIS IS FRED! YOU GUYS TAKE FIRST WHACK AT 'EM! WE'LL GO AFTER ANYTHING THAT GETS THROUGH YOU!

HERE THEY COME, BANG/BREAK FORMATION! GET ON TOP OF 'EM! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, NOW!

THE BEST BUT NOT THE GREATEST MASS
AERIAL BATTLE OF ALL TIME WAS ON IN
ALL ITS THUNDERING, FLAMING, FURY! ...



TO MAJOR HAL JEFFERS' SURVIVOR...

HEY! SOMETHING'S WAYWIRE HERE!
WHEN I GET WITHIN FIRING RANGE
OF ANY OF THE RUSSKYS, MY
WING GUNG JAM UP ON ME!



IN A RUSSIAN BOMB?

HA! WHEN THEY GET TOO CLOSE, OUR
JAMMERS MACHINE INTERFERED WITH
THE ELECTRICAL CONTROLS OF THEIR
WING GUNG! BUT OUR OWN GUNG ARE
INSULATED AGAINST IT! WE HAVE
THEM AT OUR MERCY WHEN THEY
GET TOO CLOSE! DIE,
AMERICAN BOSS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HAMMER PLANE
FORMATION...

WED PLANE BREAKING OUT
OF THE FIGHTING, AT NINE
O'CLOCK, COLONEL JEFFERS!
I'LL GET HIM!



HERE GOES, RUSSKY! GOT TO
REMEMBER TO LOWER MYSELF
INTO THE ARMORED FUSILAGE
JUST BEFORE I HIT 'EM!
THEN PRAY THE AUTOMATIC
EJECTOR WORKS!



EEEEYIIIIAAAAH!
AMERICAN FOOL IS
GOING TO RAN IS! HE
MUST BE MAD! HE'LL
BE KILLED, TOO!



THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED RAMMER PLANE, WITH
HEAVILY STEEL-PLATED NOSE AND LEADING WING EDGES,
DOES ITS JOB SUPERBLY!



NOW! BEING EJECTED AT THE TIME
OF IMPACT IS LIKE GETTING THROTTLED
OUT OF THE MOUTH OF A CANNON! MY
PART OF THE BATTLE
IS OVER NOW!

KILL MAD-DOG YANKEE PUNK
WHO TRY TO ESCAPE AFTER
DESTROYING ONE OF
OUR PLANES!



READY! HAIL JERREYS SAW THE JAWBANGS SAW THE CRITTER...



THE COLD-BLOODED MANDERING RATS! I'LL GET 'EM
FOR THAT! IF I FOUR SLUGS INTO THE PILOT'S
COMPARTMENT FROM A DISTANCE, WAYBE I CAN
KNOCK OUT THEIR JAMMING EQUIPMENT AND
GET IN CLOSE!

IT WORKED! I GOT IN CLOSE
WITHOUT MY MACHINE GUNS
JAMMING AND NAILED 'EM! I
GUSS THEIR EQUIPMENT JAMS
ONLY GUIDED SHELLS, NOT
REGULAR LEAD!



BUT THE RESS CLOSED IN ON HIM...

TRAPPED! CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO OF
THESE RED DEVILS! THEY'RE MAKING
A SIEGE OUT OF THIS CASE!





THEY FINISHED ME/
GOT TO HIT THE
SILK!



MY BROTHER, HAL, HAD TO
BAIL OUT / THAT GOMMY BOMBER
IS DELIBERATELY TURNING TO
CUT HIM DOWN! GOT TO
STOP THEM!



WHEN, MARY I'LL NEVER SAY
GOD AGAINST THOSE RAMMER
BOYS AGAIN! THAT ONE
SAVED MY HIDE!



FRED! THAT WAS YOU WHO
BUTTED THAT BOMBER FOR
ME JUST IN THE NICK OF
TIME!

YEAH! / ME—
ONE OF THE OLD
MEN OF THE AIR
FORCE— IN MY
CLUMSY OLD RAMMER
MACHINE /



OHAY, COLONEL / I DESERVE
ALL YOUR RIBBINS / AFTER THE
JOB YOU GUYS DID TODAY, YOU'LL
HAVE THE WHOLE AIR FORCE
TIPPING THEIR HATS / CAN
YOU FORGIVE YOUR GRANNY
JACKASS OF A BROTHER,
FRED. 3---

FORGET IT AND
TANK YOUR
AUTOMATICS /
WE'RE BEING
SHOT AT!



THAT BATTLE TOOK HEAVY CASUALTIES IN BOTH OUR OUTFITS! WE'VE BROKEN THE BACK OF RUSSIAN AIR OFFENSE--FOR AWHILE, ANTHONY! BUT AT TERRIBLE COSTS! ... I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE FOR THE LAST TAPS CEREMONY, KID!

YEAH! (SNIFF!) GAT A PRAYER FOR ME FOR ALL THOSE GREAT GUYS WHO ARE GONE, FRED!

THE END

COMMANDO *in* MUFT!

HOW? I'VE HEARD ABOUT THESE NEW HIGH TRANSPORT HELICOPTERS, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN ONE! WHERE ARE THEY TAKING US IN THIS OVERBORN BIG BEATER?

DUNNO! IT'S VERY HIGH-FLYER! WE'LL PROBABLY GET THE DOPPE, ONCE WE'RE IN THE AIR!

SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR II, OSS MEN, WORKING WITH SMALL SYMPATHETIC UNDERGROUND FORCES IN RUSSIA, HAD BEEN ON AN IMPORTANT AND DANGEROUS MISSION OF ESPIONAGE—TO LEARN THE LOCATION OF THE JEDS HIDDEN A-BOMB STOCK-PILES. WHEN ONE OF THESE MAN STOCKPILES WAS FINALLY LOCATED, SPECIALLY TRAINED MEN, PARATROOPERS AND A SMALL SQUAD OF SPECIAL NUCLEAR INTERPRETS WERE ORDERED ONTO IMMEDIATE ACTION FROM A NORTH AFRICAN BASE.

THE AIRBORNE CREW WORKED FORWARD, DOWNING...

WHEREVER THIS OUTFIT IS HEADING, THEY'RE IN FOR SOME HEAVY ACTION BY THE LOOKS OF ALL THIS BIG STUFF THEY'RE TOTTING WITH 'EM!

THAT'S ONE OF THE BIGGEST HELICOPTERS...

HEY, LOOK, GUYS! CIVILIANS! WHAT KIND OF A BAD LIES? WE GOIN' ON A HIDE-ON-BUMPIN'?

KNOCK IT OFF! THESE GUYS ARE... UM... NUCLEAR PARADISTS! ATOMIC SCIENTISTS, TO YOU DUMB HUSS!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE ARRIVA OF TH-404,
TRANSPORT JETCRAFTERS, ROSE FROM THE FIELD.

LIEUTENANT, I THOUGHT THESE THINGS
WERE JET-PROPELLED / THIS IS JUST
LIKE RIDING AN ELEVATOR!

THEY HAVEN'T
UNFOLDED THE WING,
STARTED TO BLAST
YET! YOU'LL KNOW
WHEN IT HAPPENS!

YIPES! SOMEBODY
GO BACK AND GET
MY STOMACH!

ONCE AT DESIRED
ALTITUDE, THIS FLYING
COCKTAIL, SHAKE &
DOOMS LIKE A REGULAR
SUPERSONIC JET / BUT
IT CAN RISE FROM—
AND SET-DOON ON
A DINE!



NO! THAT WOULD BE THE EASY WAY!
WE'RE DOIN' IT THE ARMY WAY! WE GOT TO
KNOCK OUT THE DEFENDING TROOPS, CAPTURE
THOSE TUNNELS AND THEN LET THE BRAN-
NOT SCIENTISTS REMOVE PARTS FROM
THE REDS' A-BOMBS TO FOMBER
'EM USELESS!

SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT, LIEUTENANT LLOYD.
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO DO IT! IF TROOPS JUST
BARRIED IN THERE AND BLASTED
THOSE BOMBS, NOT A MAN
WOULD GET OUT ALIVE!
THIS WAY, SOME WILL
GET BACK!

YEAH? WAYNE!



TWO HOURS LATER, THE DIVISION ARRIVED SET DOWN ON ENEMY SOIL IN THE HEART OF THE GRAB.



BACK IN THE U. S., TOP BRASS WATCH THIS DARING, RITAL OPERATION ON THE PARADISE-WHISKY SCREEN.



IN THE RUSSIAN FASTNESSES, THE FIGHTING GREW MORE FURIOUS.





I THOUGHT OUR HIGH AIR-BURST A-BOMBING KNOCKED OUT ALL DEFENDING TROOPS! I'M SORE GLAD WE GOT THE VALLEY HILL IN FRONT OF US!

NUTS! WE'RE ONLY USIN' THAT TO PROTECT THESE CIVVY SCIENTISTS! WE'D BE SAFER, MAE BETTER TIME ON OUR BELLEDS, LIKE THE OTHERS!



YOU MUST'VE HAD A PRAYER ON THAT ONE, LLOYD! THAT FINISHED UP OUR PORTABLE STEEL WALL!

CUT THE GAS AND LET'S GET GOIN'! THE LONGER THIS JOB TAKES, THE MORE RUSSIAN REINFORCEMENTS WILL POUND IN TO TRY AND TRAP US IN THIS HELL VALLEY!



THE AIRBORNE INVASION PLANED OUT! TANKS AND ARTILLERY WENT INTO OPERATION IMMEDIATELY TO SUPPORT THOUSANDS OF FOOT TROOPS MOVING RELENTLESSLY TOWARD THE NETWORK OF MOUNTAIN TUNNELS THAT HELD THE REDS' A-BOMB STOCKPILES...



SOME RED INFANTRYMEN BROKE THROUGH OUR OUTER DEFENSES! HIT FOR THAT BOMB CRATER, MEN, BEFORE THEY MOW US DOWN! WHAT'S THE MATTER, ELKINS, CAN'T YOU MOVE ANY FASTER?

H-NO, I-I CAN'T, LLOYD!



SEE WHAT I MEAN ABOUT HAHN! TO MURDER-MAID DUMB CIVVIES WHO DON'T EVEN KNOW ENOUGH TO COME IN OUT OF A PAIN OF BURNING!

CUT IT OUT, LLOYD! I-I TOLD YOU I JUST CAN'T... AWWW, SKIP IT!

BACK IN THE U.S. HIGH COMMAND HQ...

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY
THIS INVASION IS GOING!
OUR A-BOMBS MUST SHOULD
HAVE WIPE OUT MOST OF
THE RESISTANCE / A LOT OF
RED TROOPS MUST'VE
BEEN IN THE TUNNELS,
ESCAPED THE BLAST!

OUR TROOPS
ARE BEING
SLAUGHTERED,
GENERAL, AS
THEY GET CLOSER
TO THE TUNNELS!









WAIT!
WATCH IT,
LIEUTENANT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU? I WAS
WONDERING WHEN YOU
WERE GOING TO START
SETTING THE JITTERS!



GUESS YOU DON'T
NOTICE THE WIRE RUNNING
THROUGH THE DUST AND
UNDER THAT BOX.
WATCH!



WOLY COW! ONE
OF THOSE COUNTY
FLAMSTAPS WE'VE
HEARD ABOUT! IF IT'S
TOUCHED THAT CANTON,
WE'LL ALL HAVE BEEN
BURNED TO A
CRISP!

LUCKY
THING FOR
ALL OF US MR.
ELKS WAS ON
THE BALL!



THIS IS
IT? THIS IS
THEIR MAIN
A-BOMB
RESERVE
STOCKPILE?

LOOKS LIKE
IT!



HOLD IT, LIEUTENANT!
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS
OF THOSE WIRES!

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?



JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THEY'VE GOT A
DETONATING MEDIUM
ATTACHED TO ALL
THE BOMBS SO
THEY CAN GO
DOWN-AND US-
WHEN WE TRY TO
TINKER
WITH 'EM!

THE
SWEAKIN' BAST!
WELL, WHAT
ARE YOU
HATCHIN' FOR,
ELKS? FESSIN'-
NEST THE THING!





WHILE THE INITIAL ATTACKS OF THE
MASSIVE SOVIET WAR MACHINES HAVE BEEN
SOMEWHAT BLUNTED ON MOST WORLD-WIDE
FRONTS, THEIR UNDERSEA RAIDERS HAVE
BEEN STRIKING WITH DEVASTATING SUCCESS.
SILENT, AUTONOMOUS SHORTLY SPECIALS,
HAVE LAUNCHED SUICIDE-WHOLEY ATTACKS
ON U.S. BASES IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.
EVERY ATTEMPT BY SEA AND AIR TO DE-
STROY THE SOVIET'S BALTOIC BASES HAVE
PROVEN UNSUCCESSFUL... SO FAR... NOW, IN
THE MARY RED BASE...

DEVILS OF THE DEEP

TOO MANY CLOSE CALLS
FOR ME ON THIS LAST RAID.
COMRADE! THAT ONE FLEET OF
U.S. SUB-CHASERS IN THE NORTH
SEA ALMOST TRAPPED US!

YES, BUT WE ARE COMPLETELY
SAFE HERE IN OUR MIGHTY BASE!
OUR STUPID ENEMIES HAVE GIVEN
UP TRYING TO BLAST US
OUT OF HERE!

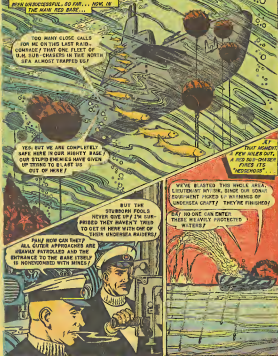
BUT THE
STURMBOH POOLS
NEVER GIVE UP! I'M SUR-
PRISED THEY HAVEN'T TRIED
TO GET IN HERE WITH ONE OF
THEIR UNDERSEA RAIDERS!

HMM! NOW CAN THEY?
ALL OUTER APPROACHES ARE
HEAVILY PATROLLED AND THE
ENTRANCE TO THE BASE ITSELF
IS MANDERED WITH MINES!

LET
THAT AGONY
A FEW HOURS OUT,
A RED SUB-CHASER
FACES ITS
"NEEDLEPOIN"

WE'VE BLASTED THIS WHOLE AREA,
LIEUTENANT MYTON, SINCE OUR SONAR
EQUIPMENT PICKED UP WARNINGS OF
UNDERSEA CRAFT! THEY'RE FINISHED!

ER? NO ONE CAN ENTER
THESE HEAVILY PROTECTED
WATERS!



THE TARGET OF THE VICIOUS U.S. S. S. COASTAL PATROLS, THE U.S. SURVIVOR FINE, SETTLED QUIETLY INTO THE MUD AS HIGH EXPLOSIVES BLASTED ALL AROUND IT.



INSIDE THE BOMB...

WH-WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO STOP? GAUL? WHY IS-DO-N'T THEY LEAVE US ALONE?

HEY, CAN'T THE REST OF YOU FRODOEN GUY THAT SAWS GUY UP? HE'S BRING US ALL THE JITTERS!

EASY, BENT? WE SUFFERED NO DIRECT HITS, JUST CON-CUSSION! AND THERE HAIN'T BEEN A BLAST FOR SOME TIME! IT MUST BE ABOUT OVER!

YOU GUYS TO HEAT SOME OF THE YELLOW-BESS OUT OF HIM INSTEAD OF BABBY! HIM, RECOLLEN!

KNOW IT OFF, JACKSON! GERT DAVID IS AS BRAVE AS ANY OF US. JUST NERVOUS. THAT'S ALL! ONCE HE GETS USED TO COMBAT, HE'LL BE GRAY!

TH-THANKS, MIKE! THEY A-A-JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND!

NERVOUS, MY EYE! THAT DAVID GUY HAS BEEN CHICKEN SINCE HE JOINED THE UNDER-WATER DEMOLITION CORPS! IF MIKE RECOLLEN DIDN'T COME FOR HIM, HE'D HAVE WASHED OUT LONG AGO!

AND A YELLOW-BELLY LIKE THAT CAN ENDANGER US ALL ON A DANGEROUS MISSION LIKE THIS ONE!

SOMETIMES I THINK MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT. BENT? MAYBE YOU'D BETTER NOT GO ON THIS JOB! IF YOU LOSE YOUR NERVE IN ENEMY TERRITORY—

NO, NO, MIKE! I'VE GOT TO GO—PROVE TO MYSELF AS WELL AS ALL OF YOU—I'M NO COWARD!





ALL RIGHT, BERT! BUT IF YOU PANIC ON US IN A BAD MOMENT, I'LL FIX YOUR NERVOUS, PERSONALLY!

I-I'LL BE ALL RIGHT ONCE WE GET OFF THIS SUB, MIKE. I KNOW! I-JUST CAN'T STAND THESE CLOSE QUARTERS!

WE REACH THE HARBOR IN A FEW MINUTES! EACH MAN KNOWS HIS JOB! DON'T USE THOSE MOTORS ON YOUR BACKS GOING IN. THEY'RE ONLY FOR A FAST ESCAPE!



I'LL GIVE YOU FINAL ORDERS ONCE WE'RE INSIDE THE SHARKEL NEST! NEXT MAN! INTO THE TORPEDO TUBE!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM IS ALL SHOT OUT OF THE TUBES BY HIGH PRESSURE...

SPREAD OUT IN FORMATION, SIX FEET APART! WHEN ANYONE ENCOUNTERS A WHE OR BARBED WIRE, LET US KNOW!



LOOKS LIKE THEY FIGURED WE MIGHT TRY SOMETHING LIKE THIS! WATCH OUT FOR THOSE ALARM WIRES! GET 'EM ALL CUT BEFORE YOU SNIP THE BARBED WIRE!

THE STUFF IS AS THICK AS SPIDER WEBS!



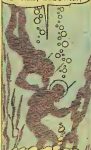
AND AFTER THEY GOT THROUGH THE BARBED WIRE...

DAVIS IS COOL ENOUGH ON THAT DANGEROUS DEMOLITION JOB! MAYBE HE'S GOIN' TO BE ALL RIGHT, AFTER ALL!

STEADY, BERT! WE'VE ALMOST GOT THIS ONE HARMLESS!



HOLD STILL, FOR JUST ANOTHER
SECOND, KID! I THINK I'VE FOUND
THE TROUBLE! A YACHT STUCK!



IT—ISN'T GETTING ANY
BETTER! HE'S TRYING TO KID
ME, KEEP ME FROM SURFACING,
GETTING 'EM ALL IN DANGER!
HE—HE'S GOING TO LET ME
SUFFOCATE! I CAN'T!

WAIT! STOP! COME
BACK, YOU JERK! I JUST
ABOUT HAD IT FROD!



NO! NO! CAN'T
STAND ANOTHER SECOND
OF THIS SITUATION!
GOT TO HAVE AIR!

THE YELLOW LITTLE RAT
WILL GET US ALL KILLED!
I'LL STOP HIM!



NO! THAT ABOMINABLE
GUY'LL KILL HIM INSTANTLY
—MAYBE HE CAN GET SOME
AIR AND FIX HIS OXYGEN
TANK WITHOUT BEING
SPOTTED BY COMBAT
SENTRIES!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS,
CHUCK! WHEN YOU PUT THAT
CHICKEN-HEADED LITTLE RAKE'S
LIFE BEFORE THE REST OF US—
THAT'S TOO MACH! HE'S GOT
TO BE STOPPED!

GOODBY, AIR—
PRECIOUS AIR! I...
AWWWWW! I—I CAME UP
RIGHT INTO THE BLAZE OF
A SHORE SPOTLIGHT!



UNDERWATER OFFSHORE BASE!
SOUND ALL ALARMS, COMRADES!
THEY MUST BE CAUGHT!







DAVIS TURNED THE ATTED GUN ON THE REDS...
AND THE SKELETON CREW HE HESSED, JUMPED AWAY.

RATATATATATATATAT!





THERE SHE BLOWS! AND
THE SEATOBO BOMBS WE
PLANTED ON THE OTHERS
WILL BE SET OFF BY THE
BLAST, TOO! I'VE GOT
ONE SMALL CHANCE...
I CAN AVOID THE SHOCK
WAVES!



BACK AT THE U.S. SHIP.

I GUESS WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE
TO SHARE DAVIS' HONOR AND TELL
HIM WE TALKED EVERYTHING BACK,
NOW THAT HE---HEY! DO YOU
GUYS HEAR WHAT I HEAR?



SHOT, FIRE!
WAIT UP FOR ME...
DAVIS! I GOT OUT OF THE
HARBOR, SAFELY! CAN
YOU HEAR ME, FIRE!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER.

CONGRATULATIONS,
DAVIS! THE MEN
OF THE FIRE TAKE
THEIR HATS
OFF TO
YOU!

THANK YOU,
SEN! BUT IT
WAS COLLEGE!
MRS. KOLLESEN
DECEIVED THE
CREDIT! IF--IT IS
WASN'T FOR HER, I'D
PROBABLY NEVER EARN
ANYTHING BUT A YELLOW
LITTLE LOUSE!

